MISCELLANIES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

EDWARD GARDNER,

VOL. II.

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TO

LADY MILL,

ARLINGHAM COURT,

GLOCESTERSHIRE,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT

BY

The AUTHOR.

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Original Poems of CHATTERTON.

BARROW-HILL,

GLOCESTERSHIRE.

SWEET are the joys the feeling boſom knows,
When o'er the ſoul a penſive ſoftneſs flows;
When in full dream of happineſs the mind,
On nature's lap maternal is reclin'd.
Whether along the lone wood's ſide we ſtray,
Or by the ſedgy riv'let wind our way,
Or on the barren heath whoſe ſameneſs drear,
The gorgeous tints of gold and purple cheer,
Or through the dell 'tween rocks vaſt, craggy, ſteep,

Where 'midſt the crumbling ſtones the clear
ſprings leap,
With paſſion calm and extacy ſerene,
The ſoul exulting, revels on the ſcene.
Whilſt in the heart the dear ſenſations live,
Improvement new all nature's charms
receive;
More ſoothing ſeem the murmurs of the
wave,
More cool in ſummer's glare the ſhelly cave,
More dark the ſolitary oak's broad ſhade,
More ſweet the robin's ev'ning ſerenade,
The charms that ſcenic beauty can impart,
Find their chief force in the impaſſion'd
heart:
Felt not in vain, for with this taſte may flow,
The ardent wiſh to ſoften human woe:
Hence the ſweet melting tone, the accent
mild,
When ſorrow weeps o'er miſery's hapleſs
child;

Firm Friendſhip's warmth, affection's look
ſincere,
Love's heaving ſigh and ſadly ſoothing tear.
Religion too if taſte be in her train,
May find a ſweet companion of her reign.
The mighty power that bade this planet riſe,
Glows in the tints that beautify the ſkies;
Soft to the eye reflects the velvet green,
In the dark umbrage of the wood is ſeen;
In the rough rock, the riv'let's rippling way,
In the ſoft ſonnets, ſung from every ſpray;
In nature's mildeſt, or her rudeſt form,
Summer's warm bloom, or winter's blaſting
ſtorm.
Then think not paths like theſe are vainly
trod;
"The paths of nature, lead us on to God."

Ah! then whilſt warm the vivid feelings
glow,

Softly I'll mount yon gentle ſummit's brow,
And gaze below where rough Sabrina pours
Along the bending vale her Cambrian ſtores.
Charm'd with the ſcene the ſtream prolongs its ſtay,
And gently ling'ring winds its lengthened way;
Soothing its billows rough with calmneſs ſtill,
It fondly turns around it's BARROW-HILL.
Triumphant view! new worlds before us riſe,
Fluſh on the gaze, and ſtrain the buſy eyes;
The far-off blue-hill where the mantling cloud
Weaves round its ſpiry brow a miſty ſhroud:
The wide-ſtretch'd field with yellow harveſts warm,
The whiten'd cottage, the encircled farm;
The ſtream's bold reach along its redd'ning ſide;

The march majeſtic of the ſolemn tide;
The ſhades of rugged rock and fringing
wood,
That undulating dance adown the flood;
Queen of the weſtern ſtreams, hail Severn
hail!
Wide boaſt of Cambria! glory of this vale!
Long may thy broad expanſe of waters ſweep
In rolling volumes to the weſtern deep,
Long may the gazing ſtranger on thy ſhore
Admire the wonder of thy raging Boar;*
To my lone walk, my muſing bliſs a friend,
Flow river on till time itſelf ſhall end!

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* The Boar, Hygra, or Flood's head, is in this Iſland peculiar to the Severn and ſome of its tributary rivers. The ſalt water ruſhes into its channel in a ſolid column, which in ſome places where the bed of the ſtream is contracted is twenty feet in height. The roar which this influx occaſions, is frequently heard at the diſtance of ſeveral miles.

The morning's miſt withdraws its azure veil;
Near—and more near I ſpy the whiten'd ſail.
Sweeping the flood with air of triumph bold,
Purſuing barks their haughty voyage hold:
In nearer ken the morning's new-born ray,
Silvers the ſmoothneſs of their wat'ry way;
Peeps from the fluttering vane with wily glance,
Sports in the ſhifting ſails with fairy dance,
Before the prow on flaſhing billows rides,
Or down the ſtream in gleamy ſoftneſs glides.
Safe may they go and with ripe nature's ſpoil
Reward the ſons of Commerce for their toil.
Here on my fav'rite Hill I'll pauſe awhile:

The ſky late frowning chears me with a
ſmile,
The dews, thoſe virgin handmaids of the
morn,
That hung their modeſt lamps upon the
thorn,
Shun the bold kiſſes of the wanton ray
And ſoftly glide with ſtealing ſteps away.

Now firſt behold the river's wid'ning reach
Swell to a lake upon our Frampton's beach:
Whoſe marge, that winds a tedious progreſs
round
Dips in the ſky its evaneſcent bound.
Between the jutting meads and towered
fane
With pleaſing change ſet off the glaſſy plain;
The cots that line the ſhore from terror
ſeem
To ſteal into the land and ſhun the ſtream.

Here ſaſon proweſs from the ruffian Dane*
Wreſted the golden pride of Autumn's plain.
Here in dark grandeur o'er the ſhaded
ground,
The nodding battlements of CLIFFORD
frown'd,
Stately and tall, where ROSAMANDA fair
(As legends ſay) firſt breath'd the vital air.
Angelic Maid as fair as fair could be!
It was the bliſs of Heaven to look on thee,
Like Venus riſing from the mantling foam
Of Ocean, round her eaſy graces thrown—
Pellucid lawn through juſt a twilight ſhade

---

* In the reign of Edward the Elder on Auguſt 5, 904, the Danes on their march loaded with ſpoils which they had gathered on the banks of the Severn, were attacked in Woodend's field in this Pariſh by an Army of the Mercians and Weſt Angles, totally routed, and three of their Kings ſlain.

The finiſh'd beauties of thy form diſplay'd.*
Ah why did grandeur tempt thee thus to roam
Far from the confines of thy native home?

---

* Roſamond was not only remarkable for Beauty, but for Vivacity and Wit:—She wore garments of tranſparent linen called nebulæ (clouds or miſts) through which her ſhape appeared. She had alſo an admirable caſket in which among other things the ſports of Animals were exhibited. Roſamond as well as the moſt beautiful Ladies of the day took great delight in viewing the wild animals with which Henry I. had ſtocked the park at Woodſtock. To this place the young men of faſhion in the neighbourhood uſed to reſort, to get a ſight of her if poſſible.

Hearne's Lib. Nig. Scac. Vol. 1.

Lord Littleton conceives the intrigue of Henry and Roſamond to have begun in the year 1149, when the King was little more than 16 years of age. The ſame writer aſſerts upon the authority of Dugdale's Baronage, that before her death ſhe retired to the Nunnery of Godſtowe and there died, but in what year he could not diſcover.

Hiſt. Hen. II. Vol. III. p. p. 43, 44, 8vo. Ed.

See ſhadows dark o'ercloud the radiant
ſcene—
O ſhun the 'vengeful rage of HENRY's
Queen!
Vainly pleads beauty againſt jealous power;
Vain are the twiſted mazes of thy bower;
Ah murd'rous woman ſpare the trembling
Maid;
Think by her grief the debt of honor paid!
Frail is the plea,—the poiſon'd bowl ſhe
drains!
Did ſhe for this deſert SABRINA's plains?
Happier if ſtill in this ſequeſter'd ſpot
This Roſe had bloom'd unſeen, and dy'd
forgot.*

* This ſtory of the death of Roſamond is given merely on tradition which materially varies both the place of her reſidence and the mode of her exit. Knighton aſſerts ſhe died a natural death, and Fulham is given to her as a dwelling.

Lyſſon's's envir. Lond. vol. 2.

Our village ſtill tenacious of her fame
Delights to prattle of the fair one's name:
In newer times a ſtately pile we've ſeen
Riſe with ſuperior pride upon the green;
Ah! rear'd by one of gentle Clifford's blood
Who felt the luxury of doing good.
The grateful villager ſhall pour the ſtrain
To him* who "*tam'd the genius of the plain*;"
He bade the ſtagnant waters leave the land
And ſnatch'd from fell diſeaſe its powerful wand;
Each rugged path of humble life he ſmooth'd
Its wants by bounty, woes by pity ſooth'd.
Still on the ſpot he lov'd, his goodneſs breathes;
Fair virtue here her faireſt garland wreathes:

---

* R. Clutterbuck Eſq.

Compaſſion ſees her influence mild extend,
Here ſtill the friendleſs finds the ready friend.

Now from the miſt breaks forth yon village ſpire *
Tipp'd by the level ray with beamy fire;
The circling elms that lower viſion ſhroud
Look in grey dimneſs through the fleecy cloud:
Deem not inglorious that reflected fame
Which ſtill adorns this village paſtor's name;†
Who with the wealth of academic lore,
Was doom'd the mind of ADDISON to ſtore;

* Slimbridge.

† The perſon here alluded to was Wm. Craddock, D. D. The tutor of Addiſon at Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards Rector of Slimbridge. The biographia Brittanica (Fol. Edit.) informs us that the claſſical taſte of Mr. Addiſon was acquired at College.

To aid the chaſteneſs of his claſſic ſtile,
And, more than this, behold his living ſmile.

Full to the right, and ſtretching to the ſkies,
See Stinchcombe Hill a giant mountain riſe.
Though haughty mount thy proſpects wide extend,
Our knoll more humble ſhall with thee contend;
Though higher far thy daring ſummit towers,
Sublimity be thine, but beauty ours.

If to the right the raviſh'd eye we turn
We feel the breaſt with martial ardor burn;
Boſom'd in wood ſee BERKELEY Caſtle ſtand,
Its old keep frowning o'er the proſtrate land;

Gloomy, retir'd, and dark! yet did all
conſpire
To guard a Baron from a Baron's ire;
Ere milder, juſter, equal laws began,
To ſhelter man from fierce ferocious man.
Yet to the mind enwrapt in ancient lore,
Theſe walls a thouſand pleaſing thoughts
reſtore,
Of hawks, and hounds, the jouſt, the
minſtrel's ſong,
The lordly Baron with his vaſſal throng;
The ev'ning dances where the Knight array'd,
In ſilken tokens woo'd the blue-ey'd maid;
And would theſe walls had ne'er been heard
to ring
With ſhrieks of horror from a ſlaughter'd
King!

Now down Sabrina's ſtream the ſtretch'd
eye roves,

And views O PERSFIELD wild, thy witch-
ing groves.
Enrapt'ring ſcenes! that thrill the captive
ſoul,
While taſte bends nature to her juſt
controul.
Here let not poliſh'd MORRIS be forgot,
Whoſe fertile genius beautify'd this ſpot;
Who rear'd on ſterile hills the thick'ning
ſhade,
And dreſſed with varied taſte the mead and
glade.
Chill'd by hard fortune's with'ring blaſt he
goes
To climes remote.—His ardent boſom
glows
Warm in his country's cauſe,—he waſtes
his wealth,
Waſtes what he better loves, repoſe and
health.

Hither Britannia turn thy cruel eyes,
Immur'd within a priſon dark he lies;
To fill his ſorrows to the brim behold
His fancy's child, his patrimony ſold.
The mournful muſe a veil of darkneſs throws
O'er the ſad tale ſhe bluſhes to diſcloſe.
Peace to his ſhade, his virtues ſole return
Are truth and juſtice weeping o'er his urn.

Now heaving trembles the prophetic land,
The coming Hygra* beats upon the ſtrand;
Now round the rugged cliff's aſpiring head,
Their whirling foam the raging waters ſpread;

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* For an explanation of this term vide p. 5

The conflict paſt, with wave more ſoft and ſtill
Old Ocean's bimy ſtores our channel fill,
Swell the proud ſtream and wandering diffuſe
Their rich abundance o'er the waſhy ooze.
From the full tide the leſſ'ning ſhade retires,
The boiſt'rous wind with lulling moan expires,
Unruffled glides the ſparkling ſtream. The roar
Of rocks, woods, waters, now is heard no more;
Bleaching the blue of Heaven, the ſun's white ray
Pours his full radiance on the noon of day;
And now at home, beloved home behold
Our FRAMPTON's lake a glittering flame of gold;

Where the bright eſſence of the burning
beam,
With one vaſt ſheet of fire inlays the ſtream;
And ſhould the breeze impatient of its reign
The brooding light throw o'er the adverſe
plain;
Th' illumin'd front of Hay-hill houſe
diſplays,
Its glaſſy honors ſhining with the blaze.
From its green ſlope this monarch of the
wood
Surveys the ſweeping length of all the flood;
From the tall rocks that nod upon the
ſtrand,
Where yellow mundic glitters on the ſand;
To where Avona flows in virgin pride
To pay her homage to the royal tide,
Each ſhore ſublime, each ſpot of ſoft
delight,
Is fully ſeen from this romantic ſite.

'Tis ſweet to gaze upon this charming ſeat
Whilſt pugnant fancy paints each cool
retreat;
But ſweeter far if privileg'd to rove
'Neath the dark umbrage of the hanging
grove;
To paſs with liſtleſs eaſe the rapid hours,
On ſhelving lawns, or in ſequeſter'd bowr's:
Whilſt genuine taſte, and native beauty's
grace,
With ſweeteſt concord bleſs this happy
place.
Dean's ample foreſt with its darker hue
Throws this rich picture ſtrong upon the
view;
Dean's ample foreſt where at peep of morn
Was wont to ſound the Norman's hunter's
horn,
Who down the *riding* grand triumphant
rode,

Scaring the tall ſtag from his night's abode;
That ſpringing on his feet with wild amaze,
Tripp'd to ſome alley's end to turn and gaze.
There the broad oak's deep ſhade and murm'ring arms
Spreads o'er the mind its melancholy charms;
The boſky thicket ſhroud the trembling ſtream,
Shining through branchy glooms with ſilver gleam:
The primroſe blazes on the brier'd mound,
The blue-bell beams its purple light around;
With fern's brown waſte to deſolate the ſcene,
Enliv'end only by the breaks of green.
There the lone wood-cock ſeeks the thorny brake,
The moor-hen flutters on the narrow lake.

Here from a knoll the wond'ring traveller
ſees,
The caſtle's ruins* boſom'd deep in trees;
(Whoſe nodding towers, and arching roofs
ſublime,
Are crumbling by the gradual graſp of time.)
Sees intermingled charms of rough and
mild,
Nature's ſublime and beauteous, grandly
wild.

Beneath the foreſt hills of ſhaggy wood
See Newnham's little Church o'erlook the
flood;
Like a tall Pharos in exalted pride,
The diſtant mariner's auſpicious guide.
Here firſt as hiſt'ry tells, its wealth to aid

* St. Briaval's.

Was ice mechanic, mimic chryſtal made;*
Malleable diamond that with cunning care
Severs the ſubtle bonds of light and air.

But now the ſun obliquely ſhoots his ray,
Pauſing awhile at the decline of day;
O'er the blue hills now ſhines his glancing beam,
Now gilds with varniſh rich Sabrina's ſtream,
Pleas'd I behold the vale of Gloceſter ſmile,
Her plains of plenty, and her laughing ſoil;
Where water'd by a thouſand tinkling rills,
The land one wide delicious garden fills,
Skirted by hills of antic ſhapes that try,

* Sir Edward Manſell in the reign of King Charles the Firſt, erected here the firſt glaſs-houſe in England. The Manufactory was conducted wholly by the Venetians under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham.

With rude rough majeſty to lure the eye.
The ſtream of proſpect flowing down the vale
Expatiates freely as the wanton gale.
Upon a rich and mingled ſcene we gaze
Where ſpiry fanes in mellow radiance blaze,
Where o'er the tangled orchard's hazy gloom
Tinted with bluſhes ſhines the ſnowy bloom;
Where on ſome ſpeckled knoll the hamlet lies
Or wood-girt villa's peeping roofs ariſe,
Or where along an unrepoſing land
In waving ranks perpetual harveſts ſtand,
Or where upon a plain of living green
Some grouping herds to picture moulds the ſcene;
Dimly the land-marks of the vale we trace,
The fam'd Cathedral towr's embroidered grace,

MAY-HILL fir-top'd on whoſe inclining
plain,
In annual gambols ſports the village ſwain;
MALVERN whoſe heights cloſe turban'd by
the ſky,
Rough, rude, and wild, with alpine moun-
tains vie.

Cloſe to the hill like ſome old giant oak
With rough arms blaſted by the lightning's
ſtroke,
I view O WHEATENHURST thy manſion
wild,
Forlorn and ſad where once the Muſes
ſmil'd;
Where youthful CAMBRIDGE ſtruck the
claſſic lyre,
Join'd judgment chaſte with fancy's ardent
fire;
Form'd by his hand how ſmil'd the flow'ry
glades,

Cool was the grot and cool the embow'ring
ſhades;
Tho' chang'd, alas, by time's deſtructive
waſte,
There ſtill I trace the magic hand of taſte:
Of late how oft enraptur'd have I rov'd
O'er the ſweet ſcenes his pregnant fancy
lov'd,
Where undiſturb'd with winding pace and
flow
To Severn's wave the FROOME's grey
waters flow;
(Pleas'd have I view'd it through the green
vale glide
And paus'd beſide its ſtream at even-tide.)
Where the caſcade of ſheety falling floods
With frothy foamings gleams between the
woods;
Woods ah! no longer vocal to his ſtrains,

How ſoon was genius loſt to theſe deſerted
plains.

Oh, Wheatenhurſt! I look on thee and
feel
A ſolemn ſadneſs o'er my boſom ſteal;
Entranc'd I ſeem and in my dreaming eye
The ſhades of mighty dead paſs mournful by:
Ah! what is grandeur's periſhable pride?
A bubble ſailing down life's general tide,
Awhile that glitters in the noon-day beam,
Then burſts, and mingles with the vulgar
ſtream.*

Now whilſt the ſun ſtill pours the
trembling ray,

* The diſſolved office of High-Conſtable of England was annexed to Wheatenhurſt and one or two other manors. The appropriate reſidence of this great officer was at Pleſhey in Eſſex.

The muſe prolongs the willing rural lay;
And can ſhe 'ſcape that beauteous village ſtill
On whoſe wide plain is plac'd her BARROW-HILL:
Its far-ſtretch'd ſhores, the river winding round
In wand'ring ſweeps peninſulates the ground;
In adverſe view the raviſh'd eye commands
The level verdure where the manſion ſtands,
That like a ſage and ancient ſire appears,
In all the venerable grace of years.
Here liv'd a race, rich, bounteous and rever'd,*

* Arlingham Court, the ancient inheritance of the family of Yate, is perhaps one of the oldeſt Gentlemen's Seats in England. The Family came into this Kingdom at the Norman Conqueſt; their poſſeſſions in this pariſh were increaſed by allianees with the noble Houſes of Berkeley and Clifford, by the former

Lov'd by the good, and by the vicious
fear'd;
Sequeſter'd here the Lords of this domain,
Rul'd as mild Sovereigns o'er their native
plain;
Here o'er the fields taſte with its ſoft-wing
flies,
Charm'd we behold another Eden riſe;
Where art not rudely nature's home
invades,

---

of which one of the manors was acquired: after having been for many ages honored with the principal civil and military truſts in the county, the male line of the family became extinct by the death of the accompliſhed John Yate, Eſq. an. 1758. Lady Mill, preſent proprietor of the manſion, and of the ſeveral manors, is grand daughter of Charles Yate, Eſq. of Coldthrop, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter and finally heireſs of Col. Richard Yate of Arlingham. A younger branch of this family ſettled at Bromſberrow about the middle of the laſt century, where their deſcendants ſtill remain.

But gently wooes her 'midſt her thick'ning
ſhades;
Here in deluſive life's firſt glowing morn,
Ere ſorrow in my ſide had fix'd its thorn,
How often did my eager footſteps rove
Through the wild mazes of the tangled
grove;
Warm with young life I ſwept the dewy vale,
Drank health and vigour from the freſhing
gale;
Stretch'd on the cooling ſhade at noon I lay,
And breath'd the pure mellifluous ſcents
of May;
Saw rural ſweetneſs graee its native home,
The daiſied mead, POMONA's blaze of
bloom,
All calm and huſh'd no noiſe diſturb'd
the ſcene,
None but the ſheep-bell tinkling on the
green,

None but the ſooty Onzle's varied ſong,
That pour'd the tide of melody along:
Spots of youth's fervid tread, ye ſhades belov'd!
Though from your charms reluctant I have rov'd,
Though far remote affliction's cup I've drain'd,
And ſorrow o'er my head its tempeſts rain'd,
Still recollection pauſing 'midſt its cares,
Dwells on the fond purſuits of tender years;
And 'midſt the rebel heart's tumultuous beats
Hangs with a ſoft delight on theſe retreats.
The village church can ſympathy paſs by?
No! grateful mem'ry pours its fervid ſigh.
Here Hodges* ſleeps, we mourn his early doom,

* The Rev. Thomas Hodges, A. M. of Magdalen

But genius weaves a garland o'er his tomb.
His was the antique love which Hiſt'ry taught,
The claſſic learning, and the nervous thought;
His was the pure and genuine taſte refin'd,
And his the firm and uncorrupted mind.
Ah! could not theſe a longer date ſuſtain?
And ſpare thoſe kindred tears that flow'd for him in vain.

College, Oxford, and Vicar of thisparish (Arlingham) was the laſt male heir of an ancient and reſpectable family. He was a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed taſte and learning; and the virtues of his heart ſhone with a luſtre, equal to his mental qualifications. Under his directions the interior of his Church was beautified in a ſtyle not inferior to any in the county. He was loſt to his family and friends at the early age of 29.

A neat monument is erected to his memory in the Chancel.

Hence have I ſeen on yonder yellow field,
The ſturdy harveſt-man his keen hook wield;
Seen children's gambols at the cottage door
Freſh with ſtrong health, the dowry of the poor:
Here was the ſeat, beneath the elm's broad ſhade,
Where young and wild the ruſtic pipe I play'd;
And here (nor thought the trifling labour vain)
I pour'd with artleſs ſoul the boyiſh ſtrain.
Unfeeling wanderer! with footſteps rude,
Ah come not here to break this ſolitude;
Here undiſturb'd the linnet warbles wild,
The wood-lark breathes his madrigal ſo mild,
The earlieſt violets of the bluſhing ſpring,
Through the lone grove their balmy fragrance fling;

Theſe ſhades were made for him who beſt
can ſee
And taſte the bliſs of ſweet ſimplicity;
Whoſe melting heart, dead to a thirſt for
fame,
Glows with warm charity's celeſtial flame;
If ſuch thou art, thy virtues here improve,
Thine is the peaceful lawn, and thine the
flow'ry grove.

If from theſe placid ſcenes we ling'ring
ſtray,
And through the neighbouring village take
our way,
Secluded from the rude world's buſtling
throng,
The winding paths the ſlow-paced ſteps
prolong;
The whiten'd cottage ſpots the landſcape
ſcene,

Fields blaze with corn, and orchards bloom between;
As on he goes the muſing wanderer ſees
SLOWWE's mitred windows peep between the trees;
Here nature o'er her works a ſtillneſs throws,
Save in the owner's heart, where every virtue glows.

The ſimple village ſcene, who does not love?
The embattled church that riſes 'midſt the grove,
The wooden bridge with its unfaſhion'd rail,
The brook that wanders down the oſier vale;
The hollow lane where ghoſts at midnight ſtray,

Chac'd by the bells of paſſing teams by day:
The lordly manſion built in heavy ſtate
With walls of ſtone beſide the painted gate;
The rooks hoarſe cawing from the lofty ſpray
With tones accordant to the penſive lay,
The farmer's porch with woodbines arch'd around,
The blackſmith's ſhop for noiſe and news renown'd,
The ale-houſe ſign that ſwings beneath the tree,
The bench at ev'ning fam'd for mirth and glee:
Ah what is grandeur to ſuch ſcenes as theſe,
Where paſſive virtue may repoſe in peace,
May view ambition's toils with careleſs eye,
And breath ſecure the ſoul's delicious ſigh.

The muſe with rapture hails the village ſwains

That ſhelter'd from the world poſſeſs theſe
plains,
Yet here perhaps to gall the bliſs of life
Lurks pining envy and contentious ſtrife,
Perhaps their ſoul in one dull tenor move,
Ne'er feel the thrills of pity or of love,
Whoſe equal lifeleſs, ſtagnant paſſions ſleep,
Mortals that ſeldom ſmile, and never weep.
Yet hence perhaps ſome gen'rous youth
whoſe ſoul
Indignant ſpurn'd the trammels of controul,
Forſook his native fields, and o'er the flood
Ruſh'd ardent to the hoſtile fields of blood:
Ere now on foreign land he lies in death,
No kindred ſoul to catch his parting breath;
Sooth ſympathy with ſoft and dove-like eye
O'er the ſad carnage heaves the frequent
ſigh,
Sighs o'er the father's grief, the mother's
fears,

The ſiſter's frenzied love, the orphan's tears.
Let the brave ſoldier mount the whirling car
Deſtruction ſcatt'ring from his wheels of war,
If through the world his daring actions ſhine
From Ganges rolling torrent to the Rhine,
Though ſwift his progreſs as the light'ning's flame,
He ſinks in virtue, if he riſe in fame;
For meek humanity ſtill interweaves
The ſhadowing yew amidſt his laurel leaves.

Around our little hill in brilliant rows
Yielding a beverage rich, the orchard grows,
The verdant landſcape ſmiles, the enraptur'd ſight
Roves round the ſcene again with new delight.
But while the praiſes of this charming hill

The loit'ring verſe with love unſated fill,
Say can that gentle being be forgot,
The owner * fair of this alluring ſpot;
By pity mov'd who clothes the friendleſs form
Shiv'ring 'neath piercing want's inclement ſtorm,
With gentleſt care who ſmoothes the thorny bed,
Where pale diſeaſe reclines its languid head,
In ev'ry ſtate where ſad diſtreſs appears,
Wipes from its furrow'd cheek the bitter tears,
And pleas'd in charity's mild paths to tread,
Wreaths its warm mantle round the aching head.
As o'er the child of ſorrow ſhe inclines,
Religion's glory round her forehead ſhines,

* Lady Mill.

On her ſoft mind its heav'nly precepts preſs,
And give the melting heart new energy to
bleſs.

But now near yonder golden cloud I view
The ſetting ſun illume th' horizon blue,
Its arrowy beams dance on the ſparkling
flood,
And gild the waving branches of the wood:
The dying breeze faint at the cloſe of day
Sighs a laſt farewell to the parting ray;
The bird of eve beneath the hawthorn ſhade
Begins the ſoft the ſoothing ſerenade:
I pauſe awhile to hear the melting ſong
Pour'd through the liquid air ſo ſweet along;
And as the mournful melody goes by
The heart to ev'ry note returns a ſigh:
But lo! from yon dark hill the lamp of night
Glances athwart the wave with ſilv'ry light,
And ſcatter'd from the wet-wing of the gale

The drizzly ſhow'r hovers o'er the vale,
The ſteaming dews all gather round the
ſpot,
I ſeek the friendly ſhelter of my Cot.

ADDRESS

TO

STROUD-WATER.

Written in a Grove near Wheatenhurst Church, *GLOUCESTERSHIRE.*

Lov'd ſtream whoſe noiſeleſs current ſoftly flows,
Once more I view thee ſcene of dear delight,
Thy well known banks my truant ſtep ſtill knows;
Their wild flow'rs ſtill are grateful to my ſight
Tho' many a year has paſs'd ſince that fond time
When near thy wave my live-long day was ſpent,

I boded not (ah then in youth's fair prime)
The ſorrows which my woeful heart has rent;
When fate malignant its fell poiſon breath'd
And wither'd every flow'r fantaſtic Hope had wreath'd.

Here have I bent my ſteps at peep of morn
And pac'd along with unreluctant feet,
While yet the dew drops hung upon the thorn
(The owl juſt ſhrouded in its lone retreat)
Here have I paus'd at ſummer's noon reclin'd
Under the willow tree that ſhades thy ſhore,
Whilſt ruſtling in the breezes of the wind
I've faintly heard the diſtant SEVERN roar.
Sublime its moanings floated on the gale,
And breath'd a dying ſound along the verdant vale.

Along thy margin green how oft I've
ſtray'd
At morn's freſh dawn or at the penſive
hour
When ſolemn ev'ning ſpreads its length-
'ning ſhade
Heard on thy verdant banks the ſheep-boy
pour
The ſong of Idleneſs.—I've paus'd and
view'd
The patient angler near the rumbling mill
That breaks with murmurs hoarſe the
calmneſs ſtill,
Which elſe would dwell amidſt this Solitude:
Here have I ſtood and fram'd my infant lays
Thoſe air-blown bubbles bright that pleas'd
my boyiſh days.

And thou ſweet water-fall,—what time the
ſtar

Of night comes marching up the duſky weſt,
Blanch'd by dark groves bright glift'ning
from afar,
I ſaw thee in a robe of glory dreſt;
Fine as the waving light of ſummer noon,
Soft as the breeze that ſweeps the ev'ning
deep,
Thy diſtant warblings caus'd my ear to ſwoon
Oppreſs'd with ſweetneſs in luxurious ſleep.
Ah who is he who knows not to admire
Thy blaze of ſilv'ry gleam, and twinkling
dance of fire.

Oh I have gaz'd enraptur'd with the ſcene,
'Till dreams celeſtial burſt upon my ſoul,
Sounds of delights from airy harps unſeen,
Shades of the bleſt whoſe glitt'ring ſkirts
unroll*

* Gray.

Elyſian groves whence cooling odours blow,
Immingled roſes in deep-burning bluſh,
Eſſential light in ruſhing gales that throw
O'er ſofteſt ſhades of green a luſtrous fluſh ?
The light-foot hours and nymphs of purpled wing
Sporting with ſmiling loves and zephyrs of the ſpring.

The neighbouring grove to contemplation dear
(And can I ſtill thoſe joys tumultuous trace)
In whoſe cloſe ſhade I pour'd love's ardent pray'r,
Gazing with maniac bliſs on HEBE's face
With whom I oft have have wiſh'd in humble life
To paſs youth's prime in ſweetly loit'ring here,
Heedleſs of av'rice or ambition's ſtrife,

My little bark o'er time's calm wave to
ſteer:
But cruſh'd by fortune's pow'r the ſorrowing
ſtrains
Sigh'd forth a ſad adieu to theſe beloved
plains.

I view that tott'ring manſion once again
Where giant ruin ſtalks with ruthleſs ſtride,
Where are the vaniſh'd beauties of the
plain
The roſe and violet in their bluſhing pride?
No more is heard among theſe ſcenes that
voice
Of wiſdom pure that gladden'd the ſweet
dells;
At poeſy's ſoft notes no more the woods
rejoice,
But in their ſhades a gloomy ſilence dwells;
Broke only by theſe notes unlike that fire

That breath'd thou long-loſt Genius* from
thy claſſic lyre.

The Church o'erlooks the wide extended
mead
With tow'r embattled.—Once I lov'd to
trace
Its ruſtic ornaments, or ſlowly tread,
The winding path near which in death's
embrace,
Sleeps vice and virtue mingled in the
grave.
Ah! let me now reviſit theſe ſtill ſtones
Unmoulder'd yet, that winters' blaſting
brave

---

* R. O. Cambridge, Eſq. Author of the Scribleriad (the only pure mock heroic in our language) the Indian War, ſeveral papers in the World, and ſome Pieces in Dodsley's Miſcellanies.

Shielding from touch profane the ſacred
bones
Of village maids and ſwains who ſilent
ſleep,
Yet,—ſtay thy ſtep too raſh, why ſhould'ſt
thou wiſh to weep?

How frail is human hope! ah here repos'd
In ſilent reſt and mourn'd with many a tear;
In the cold grave (his earthly proſpects)
clos'd)
A youth to friendſhip and to virtue dear.
Still in fond mem'ry's breaſt his image
dwells,
Affection burſts the confines of the grave;
The mind's eye views him pauſing in
theſe dells,
Or loit'ring near the Froom's enamell'd
wave,

The haunts he lov'd,—but now with moaning
wail,
The ſad ſtream ſlowly winds along the level
vale.

There was a time when my diſtracted brow
With willows wan and fading flow'rs was
hung;
I was not tutor'd to the world as now,
But wayward, heedleſs, fanciful, and young,
Abroad I wander'd, weeping and alone;
And hither bending my inſtinctive way,
I ſat me down and pour'd with artleſs moan
A rude, uncouth, but ſimple, feeling lay.
Oh! could'ſt thou then my look of woe have
ſeen,
It would have pierc'd thy heart with agony
moſt keen.

I was a blaſted aſh with moſs grown hoar,

Whoſe ſinking arms with deep diſtreſs are clad;
My eyes grew dim, and on my cheek I wore
A haggard ſmile quite woe-begone and ſad:
My ſicken'd ſoul with languid faintneſs pin'd,
I ſigh'd to die, and in my muſing gloom,
With ſcornful ſmile before my ſhuddering mind,
Stood gazing Death, and pointed to the tomb!
My knell was rung,—I dwelt among the dead,
And on the faithful ſtone my ſad memorial read.

And oft it was ſtrange fancies fir'd my brain,
Important childiſhneſs and greatneſs wild,
I play'd with woe and made my bliſs of pain,

At once was pleas'd and angry, wept and
ſmil'd;
I watch'd the feather floating down the
ſtream,
And laugh'd to ſee it dance upon the wave,
Then ſtarted, and in blank extatic dream,
Look'd at the moon contemplatively grave.
Cloſe to my haunt the paſſing trav'ller came—
With trembling haſte I fled, and veil'd my
bluſhing ſhame.

How ſadly pleaſing once theſe meadows
were;
The ſwelling ſighs of faithful mem'ry prove;
'Twas here I felt the bliſs of pity's tear,
And heav'd the fervent throb of faithful
love—
That throb that breath'd as ſoft and ſond a
ſigh
As ever ſtole from out the breaſt of truth!

Delicious proof of heav'nly ſympathy,
The pure effuſion of unblemiſh'd youth.
Though ſorrow's pangs may now call forth the tear,
I think how bleſt I was when I could linger here.

Farewell, dear ſtream! no more thy banks I tread,
No more muſt wander through thy neighbouring vale;
That time is paſt when I have hiſh'd my reed
To liſten to the plaintive Nightingale.
Ah me! whene'er I think on that paſt hour
Which never can return, the fond tears flow
Of deep regret, and to the winds I pour
The ſorrowing ſighs of unavailing woe.
Deſtin'd, alas! far from this ſpot to roam,
The wearied heart ſtill pants to find its native home.

VERSES

TO

R. L. GWATKIN, Esq.

AN OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW.

WRAPT in Reflection's pauſe, the penſive mind
With mem'ry fervid eye the paſt ſcene views,
Thee, Gwatkin! there my heart delights to find,
And melting at the name, the pleaſing thought purſues.

I dwell upon the joys of tender age,
Ah! joys too often mix'd with heart-felt pain;

When ſlow we toil'd through Maro's poliſh'd
page,
Or lighter ran o'er Ovid's playful ſtrain.

The happy moment come, from durance free,
How lightly did we bruſh the verdant mead,
Or in the well-worn path that croſs'd the lea,
Chace with quick ſteps the rolling circle's
ſpeed.*

Thoſe plays of frolic youth too quickly o'er—
(How bleſt if life could linger in this ſcene)
With ardent genius, fraught with claſſic lore,
You left with tearful eye our little green.

Far off from thee my lot does fortune place;
Yet ſtill my boſom heaves with many a ſigh,

---

* Gray's Ode on a proſpect of Eton.

And the ſoul tires with Hope's deluſive chace,
I wiſh thy ſympathizing ſpirit nigh.

Yet have I heard (how grateful was the ſound)
That in th' illumin'd page thy genius breathes,
That warm with zeal you've trod the claſſic ground,
That Poeſy for thee her laurel wreathes.

I've heard with raptur'd ear, that beauty's bloom,
With grateful love thy riſing years has bleſt:
Than wit, or wealth, or fame, a happier doom,
If love be thine, let folly take the reſt.

I've heard, that fix'd to thy paternal fields,
That bleſſing to be bleſt thy only aim—
Ah! poor to this the joys ambition yields,
And mean the wretched impotence of fame.

Friend of my youth, farewell! though fate unkind,
Thy preſence to my ſight may ſtill deny,
Thy boyiſh form, familiar to my mind,
Still fills the gaze of Mem'ry's faithful eye.

And whilſt (remote from thee) my wild lays flow,
Whilſt languid Sorrow's mournful plaints are mine,
Whilſt my ſoul ſhrinks beneath its weight of woe,
May every bliſs untainted ſtill be thine.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

LINGERING ILLNESS.

NOW peep the ſtars, and o'er the dewy meads
His monſter limbs the giant ſhadow ſpreads;
The fabled dance the little fairy leads,
And with light foot the velvet circle treads.

'Tis ſolemn darkneſs, and the Lord of Day,
Like a tir'd Hero, woos the ſea's embrace;
While virgin fears remov'd, in mantle grey,
The chaſte nun, Ev'ning, walks in ſober pace.

One ſhort hour ſince all nature wore a ſmile,
And ſportive flocks gay frolic'd on her breaſt;
But now inactive ſcenes the hours beguile,
For all is ſtillneſs, ſolitude, and reſt.

The ſons of labor preſs the couch of eaſe,
Ev'n care is huſh'd, and pain forgets to ſmart;
On mis'ry's face now dwells the look of peace,
Tho' grief may ſtill corrode the ſleepleſs heart.

Soft be their dreams, and whilſt each eye is clos'd,
Let buſy action claim from care a ſpace;
For ſome few hours be every pang repos'd,
Let anguiſh melt away in ſleep's embrace.

Ah! ſweet to all but me its poppy blooms—
Me fated now to preſs a thorny bed—
Me whom the fate of dire diſorder dooms
To view in vain night's ſoothing mantle ſpread.

Yet though depriv'd of day's enamell'd glare,
Of all its ſcenery to charm the eye.
And tho' deny'd the robe of ſleep to wear,
Still let reflection's moral aid be nigh.

But whilſt pale ſickneſs (of clear thought the night)
Spreads her dim curtain o'er the aching brain,
Can'ſt thou, my ſoul, ev'n in diſeaſe's ſpite
Attempt to moralize 'midſt grief and pain?

Yet ſure th' immortal ſpark may ſeek the ſky
Thro' the meek paths by ſweet Religion trod;
The ſenſe of earthly ſorrow caſting by,
May ſeek, may worſhip, may adore its God.

Oh! let my ardent ſpirit grateful prove,
That thro' theſe dreadful pangs 'twixt life and death,
I ſtill do breathe to bleſs that pitying love

Whoſe goodneſs lent awhile the quivering breath.

Yet how does ſickneſs with Camelion pow'r,
From gloomy Nature catch a tainted hue;
Each object faſhion'd to the ſorrowing hour,
Seems iſſued from creation's hand anew.

For all was gay whilſt youth and health were mine,
Nor grief nor care could interpoſe between;
By nature warm'd, the heart without deſign
Caught joy's warm thrill from every paſſing ſcene.

Dear, ſweet remembrances of happy life!
Ev'n now by mem'ry's aid my ſoul is mov'd,
And ſpurning all the pangs of preſent ſtrife,
Dwells on the pleaſures once ſo fondly lov'd.

But oh; you're gone! and what is human joy,
Stript of the tints by flatt'ring fancy ſpread;
The boſom loſes every ſweet employ,
When eager hope and roſy health are fled.

For early youth reſiſts the ſhafts of woe,
And ſprings to pleaſure with elaſtic force:
Ah, then the rapid tides of life o'erflow,
Whilſt age perceives them ſtagnate in their courſe.

Then farewell earthly bliſs, the glowing mind
With ardent zeal a better path ſhall try;
And leaving meaner cares far—far behind,
Pant for more happy ſcenes beyond the ſky.

ELEGY

TO

MY CAT.

AND art thou gone, aſſociate of my youth?
Snatch'd from a faithful friend that lov'd thee well?
Nought could avail thy goodneſs nor thy truth,
Thou pattern for good cats, alas! farewell!

Yet though thy limbs by death's cold hand are laid,
Ah! numb'd and ſtiff in yonder little grave,
Thy dear remains the willow-boughs ſhall ſhade,
And bending o'er them ſadly ſhall they wave.

Think not becauſe the gloomy tyrant's dart
Has pierc'd thee through and ſtopp'd thy
panting breath,
Eſteem for thee can leave my grateful heart,
Or love be buried in the grave of death.

No, thou poor puſs! whilſt mem'ry claims a tear,
That faithful chryſtal drop for thee ſhall flow
Inceſſant flow—and wet thy little bier,
While keen reflection wakes the throb of woe.

For ſure thy gentle heart thy maſter lov'd
With love as pure as ever cat could feel;
Thy graceful pur how often have I prov'd
Return ſo grateful for the daily meal.

But now no more thy frolic tricks delight
Before the ſparkling faggot on the hearth;
No more thy gambols chear the winter's night—
Ah no! thou lieſt beneath yon ſod of earth.

No more with goodneſs ſweet my STELLA's hand
Shall ſtroke thy down or pat thy little head;
No more, as oft it wont at her command,
Is for thy morning meal the table ſpread.

Thy plaintive mew no more the heart ſhall melt,
Struck mute by death the muſick of thy tongue;
Ah me! what thrills my raptur'd boſom felt,
When thro' the air thy midnight love-note rung.

I heard, alas! thy piercing, dying moan,
Saw the dim'd luſtre of thy once bright eye;
I ſaw thee heave, alas! the laſt, laſt groan—
Oh! echoed by my boſom's heart-felt ſigh.

Who now the dainties of my board ſhall guard,
Who now the nimble-footed mouſe ſhall ſeize?

No more thou lap'ſt the milk, the ſweet reward
For many a well-ſav'd pye and good old cheeſe.

The wily ſparrow too thy wonted prey,
Fearleſs may now his daring path purſue;
Fearleſs may chirp upon the leafy ſpray,
And meet no rude aſſault, my puſs, from you.

Ah! do not triumph in her early fate,
Nor pour the ſong of gladneſs o'er her grave;
Know, thoughtleſs birds, that ſurely ſoon or late,
No flight of yours ſhall from my fury ſave.

The well-aim'd tube ſhall ſtop your fluttering breath—
Oblations grateful to my cat ye go:
The ſweet revenge ſhall ſoothe her ſhade in death—
The ſweet revenge ſhall mitigate my woe.

Then puſs farewell! and through the world ſo wide,
May every worthy cat be lov'd like thee;
And may my worthieſt friend if often try'd
Be found, ah feeling rare! to love like thee.

ELEGY

Written in December, 1791.

THE chill ſtorm blows, and never to return,
In ſighing gales ſwift flies the parting year;
Hanging her yellow wreath on Autumn's urn,
Now drear December drops her ſullen tear.

No bird of twilight as in ſummer's bloom,
With her ſoft ſong now cheers the lone wood's ſhade;
(How oft ſweet Robin at eve's growing gloom
I've liſten'd to thy ſoothing ſerenade).

No leafy cheſnut's dark majeſtic bough
Shades the green ſurface of the daiſied lawn,
Or o'er the happy valley hanging low,
From day's meridian ſcreens the panting fawn.

No ſmiling harveſt waves its golden ears
Bending beneath ſoft Zephyr's gentle gale;
No blooming April ſheds her ſhort-lived tears,
Sure earneſt of a charming May-blown vale.

Dire contraſt—now quick down the rocky ſteep,
From crag to crag the melted ſnow-ſtorm pours;
And ruſhing onwards with deſtructive ſweep,
Rolls in wild torrents to the river's ſhores.

Scatt'ring the ſnow that hung upon the thorn,
In hollow whiſtlings raves the bleak north-eaſt;

And riding on the wet-wing of the morn,
To its lone ſhelter drives the ſhiv'ring beaſt.

Again it roars—all nature hears the craſh—
The Peaſant trembles in his propt abode,
Leſt through the crazy roof the white heaps daſh,
May ſink his cot beneath the whelming load.

In this cold diſmal ſcene of wintry woe,
Where ſhall the ſoul of feeling fondly ſtray?
Where do the genial ſtreams of pleaſure flow,
To tempt a pilgrim thro' the chearleſs way?

Yes bliſs is mine—my lovely Laura's charms
Lures my fond footſteps to her cottage door;
The ſweet idea all my boſom warms,
I think on her and winter chills no more.

Ah, deareſt maid! thy goodneſs and thy truth
Decks thy gay garden with the bloom of May;

The ardent ſoul of thy adoring youth
Recalls the twitt'ring bird on every ſpray.

O may thy heart allow my image room—
Throw frozen winter from that ſweet receſs:
May flow'rs of Love in that dear boſom bloom,
And everlaſting ſpring thy faithful ſwain will bleſs.

THE

CUCKOO.

SWEET harbinger of Spring, thou bird of joy,
Hope ſtrews at thy approach her glitt'ring flow'rs,
Gay pleaſure ſwells the breaſt without alloy,
And peace and plenty hail the frolic hours.

Now roſy health her vig'rous pinion ſpreads,
Borne on the murmurs of the weſtern gale;
Or with light foot th' unbending verdure treads,
And waves her ſceptre o'er th' embloſſom'd vale.

What tho' thy note be rude—to my fond ear
Still ſweet and welcome is the ſoothing ſtrain.
Quaint bird I love thee well—no rival fear,
All other ſongſters ſwell the note in vain.

The Lark, ſwift mounting from her bed of green,
Can ne'er like thee my glowing boſom warm;
And at thy coming I the time have ſeen
When Philomela's plaint had loſt its charm.

For now the ſoul can burſt the mental chain
Which icy winter 'croſs her pleaſures threw:
Now ardent fancy's flow'rs may bloom again,
All nature burſts upon the ſoul anew.

Eager and warm my fair one's form I trace,
Love ſhoots his piercing dart thro' every vein;
I dwell with rapture on my Hebe's face,
I preſs her to my beating heart again.

Sweet magic joys, ah whither will ye fly,
With ſhort-liv'd tranſports thus to mock my ſoul?
When youth and hope are fled, ah! tell me why
Does glowing paſſion rage without controul?

Yet thou aſſociate dear of May's ſoft ſcene,
Ah! do not ceaſe thy ſweet unvaried ſong:
Nature to thee profuſely pours her green,
And liſt'ning Phœbus does his day prolong.

And ſtill whilſt ſummer blooms thy note purſue,
Still pour thy cadence from the leafy ſpray;
Let op'ning flow'rs ſalute thy happy view,
But quit their bloſſoms as they fade away.

AUTUMN.

THE drear blaſt whiſtles through the duſky ſky,
And ſweeps the blue waves of the foaming main;
Nature's gay ſkirts in looſe diſorder fly,
And pleaſure pauſes ere it leaves the plain.

October ruſhing from his bleak ſojourn,
O'er the wide waſte the yellow foliage pours;
Opes wide the waters of his drizzly urn,
Drenching with frequent rains the ſhrivel'd flowers.

No more, as oft it wont, the dying gale
Sleeps on the boſom of the ſilv'ry vale:
No ſpicy odours ſcent the flow'ry wave,
No fabled Naids in the fountains lave.

No more the merry ſwains their wake-times keep
By the ſoft murmurs of the rippling ſtream;
Stript of its charms, all nature's wrapt in ſleep,
Poetic fancy ſeems itſelf to dream.

Spring, like a gay coquette, unfolds her charms,
That ſwell luxuriant to the gazer's view;
Her op'ning bloom the panting boſom warms,
Whoſe every tint enchants, and all is new.

But chilling autumn's like the chaſten'd prude,
That ſhuns the love-looks of the young and gay;
Retreating ſtill diſdaining to be ſued,
Her charms decreaſe with each returning day.

Let avarice pale its ſcatter'd riches view,
Like nature's wrecks upon this dreary ſpot;
Let humble pride no ſwelling hopes renew—
Ambition learn contentment with its lot.

The Hero too (if other leſſons fail)
That ſinks his country in the gulf of woe,
Whilſt his ear riots at the bloody tale,
An earneſt of his future fate may know.

For as the trees that late adorn'd the land,
Of their green honors naked ſhorn and bare,
So time will come when awful virtue's hand
The tarniſh'd laurel from his brow ſhall tear.

Yes! all that valour, all that wit can give,
Muſt fade like autumn's leaves before the blaſt;
The buds of playful hope can never live
In life's cold winter—oh! they wither faſt.

Ah, then! while youth and blooming health
are ours,
O'er our frail hearts may wiſdom dart a ray;
And piety to cheer our cloſing hours,
The mirror fair of future bliſs diſplay.

THE
EVENING PRIMROSE.

HAIL gentle flow'r whoſe ſoft and modeſt ray
Throws her white luſtre o'er the twilight gloom;
That meekly op'ning with the cloſing day,
Waves a rich garland round its early tomb.

The bird of eve approves her darling flow'r,
And pours her ſtrains the waving bough beneath:
(How ſweet at that ſtill, ſolitary hour,
To hear thro' diſtant groves the glowing ſonnets breathe).

Oh! may my heart, of faſhion's fetters tir'd,
(Life's gaudy, fluttering ſcenes, left far behind)
In the cool ſhade of ſolitude retir'd,
Indulge the genial current of the mind.

And like the ev'ning flowret's lucid bloom
That ſhuns the notice of the dazzling day,
So may I wiſely ſpend the hours to come,
Far from the circles of the rich and gay.

Heedleſs of blame the ſoul can then o'erflow,
Each debt of meek humanity be paid;
Safe from rude blaſts my merits then can blow,
For virtue bloſſoms beſt in lone retirement's ſhade.

THE

TULIP.

GAY pomp of Spring, whoſe bold aſpiring
head
With ſplendor riſes to the ſunny day,
Full of thoſe blooms that nature e'er can ſhed,
Thou gaudieſt flow'r that hails the lovely
May.

Without reſerve thy vivid tints unfold,
Rob'd in rich luſtre, quick thy bloſſoms glow
With tyrian purple, and with flaming gold,
The ſtripe ſo various, and the ground of ſnow.

Ah! why did nature ſuch profuſion yield,
Why ſoon in duſt is thy bright foliage laid,
Why to this tranſient empreſs of the field,
Are peerleſs beauties giv'n ſo ſoon to fade?

Yes too ſoon gone—thoſe fragile leaves that now
With ſuch unrivall'd glitt'ring colors ſhine,
In one ſhort week, alas! ſhall ceaſe to glow—
What gay, but ſhort-liv'd vanity, is thine.

So Kings that boaſt of ſplendor and of pow'r,
Whoſe ſceptres o'er the proſtrate nations wave,
Oft like the with'ring glories of a flow'r,
Sink, the ſad victims of an early grave.

NOVEMBER.

THE year declining haſtens to the cloſe,
Chill nature ſhivers to the dreary blaſt;
On the bare ſpray the once gay ſongſters doze,
And mirth's ſweet ſong and roundelay is paſt.

The rippling ſtream that erſt ſo gently flow'd
In ſmooth ſoft murmurs round the flow'r-fring'd vale,
With thick'ned waters now, and roarings loud,
Remurmurs hoarſe to autumn's hollow gale.

Drear, dark, and diſmal is the rude rough ſcene,
The ſpent year pauſes ere it ſinks to reſt;
The mind reflective turns its eye within,
And finds content the ſunſhine of the breaſt.

Yes! though dark tempeſts rattle thro' the ſky,
And vivid lightnings flaſh from pole to pole,
The ſtainleſs conſcience does the ſtriſe defy,
And beams a ſummer's warmth upon the ſoul.

Religion meekly mild unfolds her charms,
And pours upon the heart her cloudleſs ray,
To the pierc'd mourner opes her peaceful arms,
And clothes NOVEMBER with the bloom of MAY.

THE

DREAM.

WHEN the tir'd eye is clos'd by balmy ſleep,
And nature ſinks within her cloſe embrace,
When opiate draughts o'er all the ſenſes creep,
The reſtleſs ſoul purſues her wand'ring chace.

Then fancy on her light-wing hovering round,
Spreads her gay tints fantaſtically vain—
What vivid verdure decks the fairy ground,
What wild ideas float upon the brain.

But oh! how ſoon the airy bubble flies,
How ſoon its variegated colors fade;
Like the red ſtar that ſhoots acroſs the ſkies,
Low in the gloom its ſhort-liv'd glory's laid.

In life's gay ſpring thus hope's enchanting ray,
Whilſt youth's warm thrill the beating boſom move,
Paints to the ſoul an ever blooming May,
Of friendſhip true, of warm and conſtant love.
Ah! wiſhes vain of life, how ſoon you fly,—
The hurt ſoul ſhrinks at her illuſive dream:
To atoms cruſh'd, the baſeleſs pleaſures lie,
Gone like the viſions of the morning beam.

TO THE

LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

DEAR flow'r that near the friendly hawthorn blows,
With bending cup all deck'd in virgin white;
Beneath thy ſhelt'ring leaf thy beauty glows,
But ſweetly modeſt ſhuns the glare of light.

Juſt emblem thou of lovely Stella's mind,
Whoſe every ſmile the graces mild adorn;
Shelter'd by modeſty from life's rude wind,
She charms as bloſſoms 'neath the hanging thorn.

The loud rough blaſt that whiſtles through the ſky,
May tear the flow'r that ſeeks the ſun's embrace;
But ſafe beneath the green leaf doſt thou lie,
And in the ſhrouding foliage hideſt thy face.

So man that braves the ſtormy gales of life,
And bares his breaſt to fortune's piercing blow,
Too often launches forth on ſeas of ſtrife—
Too often ſinks, whelm'd by the waves of woe.

The wiſe, regardleſs of an empty name,
For better peace reſigns the ſhadowy bliſs of fame.

VERSES

ON AN

AIR-BALLOON.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, whoſe gazing eye
Is fix'd with wonder on this novel ſcene:
Ignoble on the ground behold me lie,
And kiſs, indignant kiſs the level green.

From Cloe's hand launch'd forth in fields of air,
Swift as the bolt of Heav'n I took my flight:
Child of the wind, I flutter'd here and there,
Till clouds obſcur'd me from the gazer's ſight.

Long while held on my daring, rapid courſe,
I travers'd worlds where eagles never flew:
With ſtrengthen'd wing and undiminiſh'd force,
Far from the keeneſt ken of mortal view.

But fate, alas! to check my tow'ring pride,
At length has laid me at thy feet thus low;
Let not thy pity be to me deny'd;
But at my fate one tender ſigh beſtow.

Art thou to mad ambition now a ſlave?
Doſt thou ſtill hope in higher walks to ſhine?
Tutor'd by me thy dear contentment ſave,
Or prophecy thy future fate by mine.

If yet a youth, the moral leſſon hear,
For O, believe! thou canſt not know too ſoon
A truth (which added years will make more clear)
That vain Ambition is an *Air-Balloon*.

SONNETS.

SONNET

TO

POETRY.

SWEET Nymph! I woo thee from thy lone
retreat,
Whether on mountains wild thou lov'ſt to
dwell,
Or in ſome ſhady valley chooſe thy ſeat,
Sweet Nymph! I woo the from thy moſſy cell.

Can'ſt thou to aching hearts like mine give
peace?
To ſmiles transform the haggard looks of woe?
Can'ſt thou bid ſorrow's burſting ſigh to ceaſe?
The wan cheek's furrowing tear forget to flow?

No, ſweet companion thou of human grief,
Daughter of feeling, here thy pow'r is vain—
At leaſt but ſmall,—then give that ſmall relief,
And ſheathe awhile the piercing ſtings of pain.

Now o'er my heart thy gentle influence pour,
To ſoothe (what time thou wilt) my heavy hour.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN

TINTERN ABBEY,

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

ADMIRING ſtranger, that with ling'ring feet,
Enchain'd by wonder, pauſes on this green;
Where thy enraptur'd ſight the dark woods meet,
Ah! reſt awhile, and contemplate the ſcene.

Theſe hoary pillars clasp'd by ivy round,
This hallow'd floor by holy footſteps trod,
The mould'ring choir by ſpreading moſs em-
brown'd,
Where faſting ſaints devoutly hymn'd their
God.

Unpitying Time, with ſlow but certain ſweep,
Has laid, alas! their ancient ſplendor low:
Yet here let Pilgrims, while they muſe and weep,
Think on the leſſon that from hence may flow.
Like their's, how ſoon may be the tott'ring ſtate
Of man,—the temple of a ſhorter date.

SONNET

TO

SABRINA.

ROLL, rapid ſtream, and laſh thy crumbling ſhore,
Toſs thy white foam in ſurges o'er the plain;
Let thy reſiſtleſs flood in roarings pour
Its world of waters from the Atlantic main.

Roll on ye waves, fit emblems of that mind,
Where youthful paſſion lords it on her throne;
As thy fierce ſurge is by no bounds confin'd,
So paſſions break the bars of reaſon down.

But when ſage nature checks thy dreadful force,
And ſtays the fury of thy boiling *Boar*,
Thy ebbing waters gently bend their course,
In ſoft ſmooth currents down the winding ſhore,

So early paſſions paſt by age ſurvey'd,
We look with wonder at the wrecks they made.

SONNET

TO A

LOFTY BUT BARREN PRECIPICE.

TREMENDOUS cliff, that lift'ſt thy dark front high,
Daring the rudeſt ruſhing of the gale;
Whoſe ſtudded turban is the ſtarry ſky,
Thou frown'ſt terrific o'er the verdant vale.

From thy rough ſide perpetual torrents flow,
No lowing herds amidſt thy rocks can feed;
Bleak as they are, and wild, and cloth'd in ſnow,
The eagle ſcreameth there, and vultures breed.

Diſmal and great thou art. Yet life is so:
The rich and proud that tow'r above the reſt,
Live but the blaſting ſtorms of fate to know,
While pride unſatisfied corrodes the breaſt.

The wise man quits the high but ſterile ground:
Bliſs in life's lowly vale alone is found.

SONNET

TO A

STORMY NIGHT.

SPREAD thy dark ſhadowy veil, O duſky night,
O'er nature's charms, while through ſome lonely way
I bend my penſive ſteps; from human ſight
Deep hidden, and the garniſh glare of day.

From yon brown mould'ring tow'r the owlet ſcreams,
In union ſad with my deſpairing ſoul;
While glimm'ring to the moon Sabrina's ſtreams
With lulling moan along the quickſands roll.

The black clouds low'r—O come thou ſtorm ſo
wild,
Daſh thy rude rain on my unſhelter'd head;
Thy ſavage muſic ſuits deep ſorrow's child,
Whoſe hope of earthly bliſs is ever fled.

Still let the ſtormy winds ſweep through the ſky,
Here nature ſhares with me the tear and ſigh.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A

RURAL SPOT

OFTEN VISITED WITH

AN ABSENT FRIEND.

YES,—in this winding way that ſkirts the grove
We oft have paus'd and loiter'd near the rill;
At day's mild cloſe how did we love to rove,
Along the daiſied vale, or o'er the breezy hill.

The winter's froſt that blooming bow'r has ſpar'd,
Where nature through the air her fragrance flung;
There have I ſat and thy ſweet converſe heard,
Whilſt on thy maxims wiſe, my raptur'd ear has hung.

Theſe beams of bliſs by clouds were ſoon o'ercaſt,
Yet near this ſpot oft let me penſive ſtray;
Muſe on the fond remembrance of the paſt,
And breathe to floating gales the ſolitary lay.

May ſmiling fortune's richeſt ſtores be thine,
Though ſorrow's bitter tear, and miſery's pang
be mine.

SONNET

TO

WINTER.

HAIL dreary gloom, how ſoothing to the ſoul,
Care-ſtruck, and ſhrinking from its weight of woes,
On that cold cliff whence daſhing waters roll,
I'll lean my aching head unuſed to ſoft repoſe.

Sad is fair nature's face, all wrapt in ſhade,
Leafleſs the tree, and dumb the linnet's ſong;
No chearful ſounds the liſt'ning ear invade,
The bleak winds diſmal moan and howl along.

Charm'd with this ſcene, with pleaſure I can ſee
The brown heath, bare wood, and the ruſhy
moor:
'Tis nature kind in ſympathy with me,
Who now her lulling ſighs in pity pours.

Time drop thy wing, no more let ſpring return,
More grateful to my ſoul let nature ever mourn.

SONNET

TO

SILENCE,

WRITTEN ON A SUMMER EVENING.

SWEET ſoother of the melancholy breaſt,
Companion dear to thoſe that love to weep;
Come thou and huſh the paſſions into reſt,
Lull the wild whirlwinds of the ſoul to ſleep.

Yes thou art here—each ruſtling leaf is ſtill,
The bird of eve pours not the ſong of woe;
I hear no murmurs of the purling rill,
The ſighing winds are ſpent and ceaſe to blow.

Fancy paints ſorrow leaning o'er her urn,
The long veil ſhadowing o'er her viſage pale:
Let me, her genuine child, my mis'ries mourn,
With tears unceaſing in this lonely vale.

Faſhion's gay ſons thy preſence may not bear,
More grateful thou to grief than faſhion's
"*gariſh glare.*"

SONNET

TO

MEMORY.

FULL well I trace the ſcenes of younger years,
How often on the green-ſward have I rov'd,
(Ere the red ray had drank the morning's tears)
And mus'd along the path my fancy lov'd.

The notes of joy (I faintly hear them now)
Once did my heart's afflictions keen beguile,
And once they ſlightly heal'd the wounds of woe,
And ſpread o'er tear-worn cheeks a tranſient ſmile.

Of early joy theſe marks how faint and rare!
How deep engrav'd the harrowing ſtrokes of grief!
To the hurt boſom canker'd o'er with care,
Pleaſures once flown can give but ſlight relief.
Hard fate alas! of wretched human kind,
That mis'ry's piercing pangs ſhould ever wound the mind.

SONNET

TO

LOVE.

AH dear aſſociate of Youth's tender days,
When round my heart my LAURA's charms entwin'd:
When ardent ſighs quick blew the kindling rays,
That flaſh'd the flames of phrenzy on the mind.

Art thou of human kind the dreadful curſe?
For ſure thy poiſons cauterize the ſoul;
Or of contentment ſweet the ſoothing nurſe,
When o'er the ſwelling heart thy mighty raptures roll.

O thou art both, for midſt the pangs of pain,
Warm hope and joy in quick ſucceſſion flow,
And floods of bliſs too mighty to ſuſtain,
A moment check the bitter waves of woe.
Still varying Goddeſs, ſtill we bow to thee,
Thou daughter bland of Senſibility.

SONNET
TO
PATIENCE.

SWEET child of reaſon pure, whoſe gentle pow'r
Can cheer ev'n poverty's deſponding brow,
Can ſoothe with accent mild that luckleſs hour
When nature bids the bitter tear to flow.

For thou canſt ſmile when life's rude ſtorms deſcend,
Tho' thy meek boſom ev'ry inſult prove,
Can bear (thy hardeſt taſk) th' ungrateful friend,
Bear with unbeating heart, the cold returns of love.

Thou turn'ſt to down the thorny bed of care,
Thou art the priſ'ner's friend in dungeons dank,
Fill'd with thy quelling pow'r he learns to bear
The door's harſh creak, the horrid fetter's clank.
O whilſt I journey through this world of grief,
Still pour thy ſoothing balm to give my ſoul relief.

SONNET
TO
HORROR,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN.

THE charms of life are fled; youth, wealth, and fame
No more with envious eye my fancy views;
Hope as deluſive as the meteor's flame,
Sunk in deſpair my ſoul no more purſues.

Here where ſcarce heard by me the wild waves roar,
I pour the burſting torrent from my eye,
My deep moans echo round the winding ſhore,
The hollow wind reſponſes to my ſigh.

Horror blood-ey'd ſtalks through the gloomy ſhade,
Come thou fell fiend my roamings wild attend
Through the wet graſs that ſkirts the tow'r decay'd,
Ah come my ſole companion and my friend.
Thy gloomy preſence gives a ſad relief
To the ſhrunk heart that bleeds with unextinguiſhed grief.

SONNET

TO

CHARITY.

MILD Heav'n-born Nymph, whoſe ſoft and holy flame,
Beams a warm ray upon the chilly breaſt,
That cheers with aſpect warm the weary frame,
And ſoothes the ſighs of poverty to reſt.

Friend to the friendleſs when the cruel frown,
Of an unfeeling world the meek heart bows,
When pinching want breaks the ſunk ſpirit down,
The whole ſoul bending 'neath its weight of woes:

Thine is the fire that lights the languid eye,
And ſpreads a warm glow o'er the grateful cheek,
Like the mild midnight miſtreſs of the ſky,
When thro' the dark'ning cloud her beamy white rays break.
O may my heart in thy warm cauſe ſincere,
From mis'ry's haggard face ſtill wipe the tear.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON A SERENE

EVENING.

SOLEMN and ſtill all nature ſeems to muſe,
The gilded clouds flow ſweep along the ſky;
On the green mead cool ev'ning ſheds its dews,
The moaning breeze forgets its wonted ſigh.

O let me, at the rough oak's knotty root
Reclin'd, awhile enjoy the hour ſerene,
Such placid ſcenes the penſive boſom ſuit,
Yes, let me linger on the dark'ning green.

Fond fancy here ſhall bleſs me with her dream,
Here warbling poeſy ſhall pour its ſong,
And (happy love and fame its conſtant theme)
Here hope her baſeleſs viſion may prolong,

To ſoothe the painful throbbings of the heart
Save where the fiend Deſpair has fix'd his
poiſon'd dart.

SONNET

ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

O LET me haſten to the ſacred ſpot
Where childhood's ſportive hours were gaily ſpent,
When playing on the green before my cot
The rude blaſt never check'd the current of content.

Here, ſimple nature faſten'd on the ſoul,
Frolic and light the paſſing minutes flew,
And, pleas'd, my heart could ſee thoſe minutes roll,
When nought but hope and joy the tender boſom knew.

And though in many ſtorms of boiſt'rous life,
Their rude and cruel buffetings I've borne,
Midst the world's scorn, and midst the passion's ſtrife,
Still for my native home has ſigh'd my heart forlorn.

The ſailor toſs'd upon the ſtormy main,
Thus fondly pants for parent ſhores again.

SONNET

TO MY ABSENT FRIEND,

EDWARD JENNER, M. D. F. R. S.

OFT have I heard thee near thy glaſſy ſtream
Pour th' impaſſion'd tones of genius wild,
When (love or friendſhip warm thy glowing theme)
I call'd thee young-eyed fancy's darling child.

Ah! now no more thy ſweetly ſoothing ſtrains,
Roll through the dark groves or the whisp'ring reeds,
Thy genial ſpirit fled, my heart complains,
Thy claſſic genius pure, no more my wild lay leads.

You taught my infant numbers to pourtray
The paſſions' force and nature's vernal ſcene,
You mark'd the truant verſe's devious way
And threw o'er vagrant lines ſtrong Judgment's eye ſerene.

Loſt to thy friendly care the ſorrowing muse,
Forlorn without a guide her heedleſs path purſues.

SONNET

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE AVON NEAR BRISTOL HOTWELLS.

AH me! how oft with ſlow and ling'ring feet,
Avon I've trod thy graſs-grown ſedgy ſide,
And here once more thy verdant ſhore I greet,
And view with raptur'd eye thy yellow tide.

Here my romantic morn of youth was ſpent,
Here innocent I paſs'd the liſtleſs day;
Hope ever ſpringing bloſsom'd with content,
While on thy flow'ry banks I pour'd the childiſh lay.

O now again I hear thy murmurs flow,
I see the alders o'er the low waves bend,
And sure these scenes must sweetest peace bestow,
They seem the soothings of a much lov'd friend.

Farewell dear stream, ah far from thee I go,
Perhaps from paths of peace to those of tearful woe.

SONNET
TO
MORNING.

AH! let me wake while yet the clear dews ſpread
Their pearly moiſture o'er the miſty fields,
And there inhale the ſweets the ſeaſon yields,
While with a haſty ſtep I bruſh the verdant mead.

Freſh is the morn of life like April's dreſs,
Hope like the mounting ſky-lark carrols ſweet,
With eager haſte we ſpring, young bliſs to meet,
And fondly think each ſcene has pow'r to bleſs.

But ſoon dark ev'ning comes with ſombrous
wing,
And o'er day's glitt'ring luſtre throws its veil,
And baffled Hope can now no more prevail,
Nor touch on Pleaſure's lyre the trembling
ſtring.

But ere dread Night ſhall ſpread its cloud forlorn,
I'll ſeek that happy clime where blooms eternal
Morn.

SONNET

TO

A GLOW-WORM.

FINE animated gem, whoſe ſparkling light,
As on the verdant bank thou liest reclin'd,
Spangles with gold the ſable ſkirts of night,
Thy bright beam wakes th' trav'ller's ſleeping mind.

O'er thee the blaſts of Heav'n innoxious blow,
Safe from the ruſhing wild ſtorm is thy ſeat,
Under the ſhelt'ring leaf thy beauties glow,
How man might envy thy obſcure retreat.

Modeſt and meek thou ſhun'ſt the glare of day,
Hidden within its ſhell thy little head;
Could he like thee but ſhun Ambition's ray,
Content the placid paths of life to tread:

His frequent ſighs of ſorrow then would ceaſe,
Sighs pour'd at blaſted hopes and murdered peace.

SONNET

WRITTEN UNDER A LOFTY CLIFF ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN ON A SUMMER'S EVENING.

THE ſcreaming Sea-Gull wheels his circling flight,
The dying breezes courſe along the ſhore,
The wild floods ſlowly ſettling ceaſe to roar,
And ſilence creeps behind the ſteps of night.
This craggy Cliff more pond'rous on its baſe,
Now ſeems to lean.*—The winter whirlwinds ſleep;

* It ſeems to be a general effect of light, to detract from heavineſs of appearance.

The moon-beams play upon the placid deep,
Entranc'd I lie reclin'd and ſeem to trace
The time when here the harping Bards of Yore,
With awful prophecy's impreſſive air,
Sung to the ear appall'd of mute deſpair
The tale of future ages.—On this ſhore
Where nature blends her beauteous and ſublime,
O let me waſte what yet remains of manhood's
prime.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN THE GROUNDS ADJOINING TO

BERKELEY-CASTLE,

GLOCESTERSHIRE.

To E. JENNER, M.D. F.R.S.

OFT have we wandered near theſe antique tow'rs,
And view'd the proud keep with aſpiring head
Frown o'er the level lea. Ah! *now* I tread
The well-known paths alone. How ſweet the hours,
Here *Jenner*, paſs'd with thee! I pauſe and turn,
And ſeem thy voice of wiſdom pure to hear,

While in my mind's eye full there ſtands anear
Thy dead, loſt relative* whom much we mourn.

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* The Rev. Mr. Stephen Jenner, B. D. of Berkeley, Glocesterſhire, formerly Fellow of Mag. Col. Oxf. and Rector of Fittleton, Wilts. He was a man of excellent good ſenſe, of a retired turn of mind, but which never prevented the exerciſe of the very liberal and generous virtues of his heart. The friendſhip of his relatives he not only deſerved (as TACITUS remarks) "*magnitudine munerum*," but retained "*conſtantiâ morum*." The benevolence of his diſpoſition was diſplayed in the delight which he took in beholding the riſing branches of his kindred around him, who found in his preſence ſomething more engaging than the "*patruæ linguæ verbera*," freedom and eaſe. The moſt ſhining part of his character was a moſt amiable modeſty, which ſhrunk from every thing bearing the moſt diſtant reſemblance to oſtentation; for nature ſeemed to have formed him for the uniform practice of that divine religion whoſe revelation he ſincerely believed. His critical obſervations (when he could be prevailed upon to make them) were peculiarly penetrative and judicious; and his learning and general abilities were much greater than his modeſty would ever permit him to diſplay. His breeding con-

Farewell, ye tranquil fields, and ye old walls,
Near which my many boyiſh days were paſt;
Now ſorrow's clouds hope's warmer rays o'er-
caſt;
The days departed, every ſcene recall.

Haſte, then! nor let the muſe implore in vain,
And with thy preſence bleſs theſe placid vales
again.

---

fiſted of the politeneſs of the old ſchool, which he mingled with the enlarged modes of thinking which characterizes the modern one, but all its levities were rejected. He died Feb. 1797, unmarried. I heartily pay this ſmall tribute to the memory of a Gentleman of diſtinguiſhed worth, whoſe abilities I admired, and whoſe virtues I eſteemed. It comes with peculiar propriety from a man who, with the moſt grateful feelings, remembers the many pleaſant and inſtructive hours which were ſpent at his table; and who can never forget the notice with which ſo worthy a character was pleaſed to honor him.

SONNET
TO
A WHITE ROSE,
WORN IN A LADY'S BOSOM.

EMBLEM of innocence thou lovely Flow'r,
That decks with pureſt white my LAURA's breaſt,
Happy thy ſtate to be ſo cloſely preſt,
Safe there thou art from ev'ry rattling ſhow'r.

Thou art, like LAURA's ſoul, a ſpotleſs white;
Unconſcious of thy bliſs thou doſt repoſe;
But tho' thou'rt white and fragrant, lovely Roſe,
In theſe how far excels thy pillow of delight.

Yet let dear LAURA think, nor think with pain,
How like to human life thy fading bloom,
To ſummer's glow quick follows winter's gloom,
The fluſh of life once paſt can ne'er return again.
The ſwiftly flitting hour no pauſe allows,
And beauty withers like the fading roſe.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF

LAURA.

HEAR, LAURA hear, it is the midnight hour,
I kneel the dwellings of the dead among,
And holy walls with ſolemn darkness hung,
Speak, buried LAURA, ſpeak from out the tomb.
A whiſper's whiſtling terror gone and fled,
The marble lifts its animated head.
Up from embottom'd deeps of darkneſs ſpring,
Bright glories, blaſting with exceſs of light,
They vaniſh—at the utmoſt bounds of ſight.
In glimm'ring luſtre ſoars an angel wing;
And to a ſweet unutterable ſound
Of muſic, ſhow'ry fragrance drops around.

ORIGINAL POEMS

OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE CONTROVERSY

CONCERNING THE POEMS

ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY.

PREFACE.

THE following Poems may certainly be regarded as a literary curioſity. The name of CHATTERTON is well known in the learned world, the agitation of the queſtion concerning the authenticity of the poems attributed to ROWLEY, a prieſt of Briſtol, who is ſaid to have flouriſhed in the 15th century, has rendered his fame immortal.

I was acquainted with this unfortunate youth during the ſpace of three months previous to his departure from Briſtol to London, in the ſpring of the year 1770. Being at that time extremely young I could be but a ſlender judge of the extent of his literary acquirements, or of any tranſactions which might tend to throw light

on the Rowlean Controverſy; yet I diſtinctly remember two circumſtances which ſtrongly operate againſt the claim of the Briſtol Prieſt.

I ſaw him once rub a piece of parchment with ochre, and afterwards rub it on the ground, at the ſame time ſaying that was the way to antiquate it (I remember the very word) or to give it the appearance of antiquity.

I heard him once affirm that it was very eaſy for a perſon who had ſtudied antiquities, and with the aid of a few books which he could name, to copy the ſtyle of our elder Poets ſo exactly, that the moſt ſkilful obſerver ſhould not be able to detect him—no, ſays he, not Mr. WALPOLE himſelf.

I remember his mentioning BAYLY as one of the books which was to enable him to deceive the learned world. This laſt circumſtance places in a very conſpicuous point of view the critical ſagacity of the late truly ingenious BADCOCK.—Chatterton's obligations to Bayly in the fabrication of the Poems in diſpute, were

firſt pointed out in the MONTHLY REVIEW.

How far theſe two circumſtances may contribute to ſtrengthen the external evidence in favour of Chatterton's claim, is left to the reader's judgment.

The following pieces came into my hands about a month before his unfortunate journey to London; I did not receive them from CHATTERTON himſelf; they were lent me by a particular acquaintance of his, who ſoon after finally left Briſtol. The Poems have ever ſince remained in my poſſeſſion.

I can ſpeak but little concerning the acquirements or manners of this extraordinary youth. I was too young to be a competent judge of either, and my acquaintance with him was very ſhort. Yet I particularly recollect the philoſophic gravity of his countenance, and the keen lightening of his eye. He ſeemed wholly abſorbed in antiquarian and heraldic reſearches, and faſcinated with the brilliancy of literary fame.

The poems publiſhed under the name of ROWLEY have been, by the general conſent of the learned, attributed to CHATTERTON. The reſearches of WARTON, TYRWHITT, and CROFT, have all ended in denying the claim of the Briſtol Prieſt. The arguments of Dr. MILLS, and of Mr. BRYANT, have been conſidered and refuted, whilſt numberleſs paſſages have been produced from the poems, which cannot with any degree of probability be given to a writer of the 15th century. The internal evidence has been examined with a degree of learning and acuteneſs which leaves little room for addition, and perhaps none for improvement, new obſervations can conſiſt only of a few ſcattered gleanings, but if they concur to prove the truth of the poſition already generally admitted, they may ſtrengthen the common opinion of the world, and confirm it in the idea,—*That theſe poems are not the production of any antient Author, but the forgeries of a Modern.* And external evidence proves that

the fabricator was THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The very conſiderable deviation from the ſtyle of antient poetry is, at firſt ſight, glaringly conſpicuous. The language of our ancient poets is commonly colloquial. The phraſes of the day are engrafted into metre without the moſt diſtant idea of periphraſis. Admitting that, from the nature of the compoſition, a trait of this antient characteriſtic may ſometimes be found in the poems of ROWLEY, we ſtill may ſee marks of diſcrimination, circumlocution, and uniform elevation of ſtyle. There are many parts of CHAUCER and LYDGATE, which diveſted of their rhymes, would not have appeared bombaſt in common converſation. We cannot apply this rule to the brilliant metaphorical elegance of the poems attributed to ROWLEY. The following paſſage from LYDGATE will illuſtrate this idea:

" For Chaucer that my maſter was, I knew
" What did belong to writing verſe and proſe,

" Ne'er ſtumbled at ſmall faults, nor yet did view
" With ſcornful eye the works and books of thoſe
" That did write in his time, nor yet would taunt
" At any man, to fear him or to daunt."

I defy any perſon to point out any paſſage ſo proſaic as this, in the poems of ROWLEY.

When paſſages are wanting to fill up a line in modern poetry, when a new idea is not reſorted to, and an epithet is not ſufficient, the phraſe is often amplified to the requiſite length by the ſubſtitution of an accident or property to the ſubſtantive, thus THOMSON:

" *Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beams.*"

But the expletives of our old poets are of a much more rude and ſimple kind, as

" A hundred Knyghts truly told,
" A Squire of low degree."

A thouſand inſtances of theſe ſort of expletives might be produced, not one of which occurs in ROWLEY.

This peculiarity of modern poetry gives it a rotundity of phraſe, and a diſtinctive caſt of character from proſe, and is one of its moſt ſtriking attributes, a paſſage of the ſame kind would be ſelected by a common reader with a ſenſible pleaſure, yet many ſuch lines might be cited from the poems under conſideration, let one ſuffice:

"*Still on the gallard ear of terror hangs.*"

A SHAKESPERIAN line.

The continuity of phraſe and the ſucceſſion of ſentences are frequently confuſed in our old Poetry. A chain may be diſcerned, but its links are ſcarcely perceptible on account of the rudeneſs of the workmanſhip. Inſtances may be adduced from the poetry of James 1ſt. King of Scots, who wrote at the beginning of the 15th Century.* The poems of ROWLEY have on the contrary, all the viſible disjointed conti-

* Deſcription of the Garden at Windſor.

nuity of modern verſification. The works of our elder Poets exhibit a perplexity of ſtyle, requiring no inconſiderable portion of mental labor, to ſeparate and arrange the ideas it means to convey. Elegance and perſpicuity, is one of the lateſt acquiſitions of compoſition.

Another ſtriking characteriſtic of the Poetry of our own times, is a taſte for natural and general ſentiment, but when this does not exiſt, language partakes more of hiſtorical detail. Nothing can be more minutely preciſe than the Canterbury tales of CHAUCER: had CHATTERTON attempted a piece of the 15th Century in a ſimilar manner, breaches of the *Coſtume* would have ſoon detected him. The portrait of ancient manners exhibited in the details of ancient poets renders them peculiarly amuſing to modern readers; but there is no antiquarian ſcience to be acquired from the poems of ROWLEY, which conſiſt of general ſentiment occaſionally particularized by an image or an epithet. In that age to which our ſuppoſed Bard is aſſigned,

criticiſm, elegance, and refinement, had not ſo narrowed the ſcope of poetical thought or diction, as to compel general ſentiment and expreſſion in that degree they abound in ROWLEY.

A difference may alſo be diſcovered in the ſpelling of theſe poems. If our old Authors (taking modern orthography as the ſtandard) frequently extend words, they ſometimes abridge them, but not in an equal proportion. Where no certain ſtandard exiſts, nothing is more natural than to guide the orthography by the ſound. The ſpelling of ancient Poems may be determined by pronunciation; but CHATTERTON obſerves the rule of amplification only.

French expreſſions abound in the ſtyle of *Caxton*, and *Lord Rivers*, who wrote about the æra of the ſuppoſed ROWLEY, but it is remarkable that the learning of the eccleſiaſtic is entirely bounded by that of his pretended copier. Latin and French were languages too familiar to have been unknown to the Briſtol Prieſt, or any other Conventical; for they were uſed on the moſt

common occaſions, but here we meet with no Latin (a language which I know CHATTERTON was entirely ignorant of) and the little French which is exhibited conſiſts chiefly of Heraldry, a ſcience which this Youth cultivated with an aſtoniſhing ardor, and in which he evinced a proficiency and correctneſs aſtoniſhing for one of his years and opportunities. In the application of heraldic colors as epithets to his ſubſtantives perhaps he ſtands ſingular.

One of the principal cauſes of the ſuperior elegance of modern Poetry even more than choice or arrangement of language (for theſe would loſe moſt of their effect without it) is the uſe of the Ellipſe, if this be omitted the ſtyle becomes clogg'd and encumbered, and the ſenſe perplexed with obſervations, which the previous idea would alone intuitively ſuggeſt. There is no ſuch alloy in the gold of ROWLEY, he lops off all redundancies of explication and yet numerous inſtances of this occur in our elder Poets:

" What is your name, *rehearſe it here I pray,*
" Of whom, and where, of what condition,
" *That ye been of—let ſee come off and ſay.*

CHAUCER's Court of Love.

The paſſages in italics are ſuperfluous.

In all old poetry there are epithets which by long appropriation to one and the ſame ſubject, are invariably annexed to it and uniformly repeated where the metre will admit it. They paſs in ſucceſſion through all the train of Poets with the ſacred authority of preſcription, of this nature are the "*grim Lionns*" "*fingers long and ſmall,*" "*Barons bold*" "*Ladies fair,*" of our ancient Bards, of which only one or two have crept into modern poetry, but we ſee none of theſe hackneyed phraſes which the preſent age has rejected in the works of ROWLEY. But had the author been an Ancient they would doubtleſs have frequently occurred.

Among the alluſions in theſe poems the following has not as I recollect been noticed.

" Here like a foule empoysoned leathel tree
" Which ſlayeth everich one that commeth near."
" Tyrwhitt's Edition." p 4.

This tree is the BOHUN UPAS of DARWIN, deſcribed in the 2d. Vol. of the Botanic Garden. Darwin took his account from a Magazine. The iſland where this tree grows was diſcovered in the 16th Century by the Portugueze. The forgery of theſe Poems is immediately evident by that poſitive demonſtration which has been ſo long ſought after.

The dialogue Eclogue is taken from one of the parts of SHAKESPEARE's Henry 6th, "*Enter a Son bearing the body of his Father.*" "*Enter a Father bearing the body of his Son,*" written on the ſame occaſion, the wars of York and Lancaſter,

"*We in goodneſs will be grete.*"
ROWLEY, p. 86.

" What tho' no grants of royal donours
" With pompous title grace our blood,

" We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honours
" And to be noble will be good.

PERCY's Ballads.

The name of the Elionoure, in the paſtoral, was probably borrowed from the ballad of " Fair Elinour, Lord Thomas, and the brown Girl."

I am Love's borrower, and can never paie,
But be his borrower ſtill, and thine my ſweet for aye.

p. 80.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect this to have been taken from Romeo and Juliet, or ſome other play of Shakeſpear; it is exactly in the quibbling ſpirit of the love language of our celebrated dramatic Bard, evidently borrowed from Italian conceit, the literary faſhion of the day.

CHATTERTON, in the opinion of Mr. THO. WARTON, would have proved the firſt of Engliſh Poets; but I think there is a rank to which he would never have arrived. MILTON will probably ever ſtand alone on his exalted ſtation;

nor does Chatterton appear to poſſeſs the powers of the immortal SHAKESPEAR, who whether in ſublime ſentiment, picturesque deſcription, forcible impreſſion, inventive delineation of character, and in every diſtinct walk of Poetry, always diſcovers the ſame aſtoniſhing originality of genius. The abilities of Chatterton were certainly of the ſuperior kind; but I cannot admit that either Rowley's poems, or his acknowledged works betray any glimmerings of a power to equal, much leſs to exceed either of theſe illuſtrious poets.

The ſtyle of Chatterton poſſeſſes no diſcriminating characteriſtic peculiarly its own. Vigor of fancy, florid delineation, ardency of expreſſion, redundancy of ſimilitude and alluſion, and accumulation of verb and epithet, form its diſtinguiſhing features. He copied the ſimplicity of the old ballad with exquiſite ſucceſs.

"Pleaſure dancing from her wood"

might have been ſuggeſted by the character of

Euphroſyne, as inſerted in Comus. In the ode to Freedom, which has been ſo juſtly admired, it is evident from the manner and language, that he had in his eye the ſavage war dance. That Chatterton was fond of this ſubject, may be ſeen by his *African Eclogues*, one of which might have been with more propriety ſtyled *Peruvian*.

There was never a finer picture of ſavage extacy exhibited, than in the ſimple line

"She danced on the heath."

It fills the mind with a complete image; her head-dreſs and attire giving her a pictureſque appearance, her anlace ſhaking by her ſide, her eyes ſparkling with fire, her cheeks elevated with a ſmile of ferocious joy, her whole frame convulſed, and her feet beating the ground, not in the graceful movements of ſcientific dancing, but in quick, violent motions. The other parts of this beautiful Ode are equally dramatic. Her "Sitting on a rocke," is the reſt of the

principal figure dancer till his turn again approaches. Any one acquainted with the ballets and allegorical dances of the ſtage, will perceive a ſtrong reſemblance between them and the imagery of Chatterton's Ode. The very verſification is in the manner of an overture, and reſembles the muſic of it. There is nothing derogatory from his genius in this ſuppoſition; *All* ideas muſt be acquired by reading and obſervation.

In the African Eclogues, and the Elegy to Phillips, we diſcern an equal genius with that of the imaginary Rowley. In the fabricated poems, that on "our Lady's Churche," and the ſtory of "Wm. Canyne," poſſeſs the greateſt chaſtity; the diction is unbroken, and the ſenſe expreſſed in a ſweet, yet not unadorned ſimplicity. They are the moſt claſſical pieces in the whole collection.

CLIFTON.

CLIFTON, ſweet village! now demands the lay,
The lov'd retreat of all the rich and gay;
The darling ſpot which pining maidens ſeek,
To give Health's roſes to the pallid cheek.
Warm from its font the holy water pours,
And lures the ſick to Cliſton's neighbouring bowers.
Let bright Hygeia her glad reign reſume,
And o'er each ſickly form renew her bloom.
Me, whom no fell diſeaſe this hour compels
To viſit Briſtol's celebrated Wells,
Far other motives prompt my eager view;
My heart can here its fav'rite bent purſue,

Here can I gaze, pauſe, and muſe between,
And draw ſome moral truth from ev'ry ſcene.
Yon duſky rocks, that, from the ſtream ariſe
In rude rough grandeur, threat the diſtant ſkies,
Seem as if Nature in a painful throe,
With dire convulſions, lab'ring to and fro,
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent)
At one dread ſtroke the ſolid mountain rent;
The huge cleft rocks tranſmit to diſtant fame,
The ſacred gilding of a good ſaint's name.
Now round the varied ſcene attention turns
Her ready eye—my ſoul with ardor burns;
For on that ſpot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where Cenotaph its mournful ſtory tells—
How Britain's heroes, true to Honour's laws,
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cauſe.
But tho' in diſtant fields your limbs are laid,
In Fame's long liſt your glories ne'er will fade;
But blooming ſtill beyond the gripe of death,
Fear not the blaſt of time's inclouding breath.

Your generous leader rais'd this stone to say,
You follow'd still where Honour led the way;
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wand'ring gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the ling'ring feet;
Queen Bess's gift, (so ancient legends say)
To Bristol's fair; where to the sun's warm ray
On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

Here as I musing take my pensive stand,
Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,
O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,
How ardent mem'ry prompts the fervid sigh;
O'er the historic page my fancy runs,
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons.
Yon Castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dy'd with Danish blood.
Then of its later fate a view I take:

Here the ſad Monarch loſt his hope's laſt ſtake;
When Rupert bold, of well-atchiev'd renown,
Stain'd all the fame his former proweſs won.
But for its ancient uſe no more employ'd,
Its walls all moulder'd and its gates deſtroy'd;
In Hiſt'ry's roll it ſtill a ſhade retains,
Tho' of the fortreſs ſcarce a ſtone remains.
Eager at length I ſtrain each aching limb,
And breathleſs now the mountain's ſummit climb.
Here does attention her fixt gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my ſide,
In ſullen billows rolls a muddy tide;
No ſportive Naiad's on her ſtreams are ſeen,
No chearful paſtime's deck the gloomy ſcene;
Fixt in a ſtupor by the chearleſs plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain:
For tho' her waves, by commerce richly bleſt,
Roll to her ſhores the treaſures of the weſt,

Tho' her broad banks Trade's buſy aſpect wears,
She ſeems unconſcious of the wealth ſhe bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wander's Jacob's ever-murm'ring rill,
That, pouring forth a never-failing ſtream,
To the dim eye reſtores the ſteady beam.
Here too (alas! tho' tott'ring now with age)
Stands our deſerted, ſolitary ſtage,
Where oft our Powel, Nature's genuine ſon,
With tragic tones the fix'd attention won:
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly,
Fierce as the blaſt that tears the northern ſky;
Like ſnows that trickle down hot Ætna's ſteep,
His paſſion melts the ſoul, and makes us weep:
But O! how ſoft his tender accents move—
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of ſpring,
Dropping a lucid tear on Zephyr's wing:
O'er Shakeſpeare's varied ſcenes he wandered
wide,

In Macbeth's form all human pow'r defy'd;
In ſhapeleſs Richard's dark and fierce diſguiſe,
In dreams he ſaw the murdered train ariſe;
Then what convulſions ſhook his trembling breaſt,
And ſtrew'd with pointed thorns his bed of reſt!
But fate has ſnatch'd thee—early was thy doom,
How ſoon enclos'd within the ſilent tomb!
No more our raptur'd eyes ſhall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our boſoms warm.
Without thy pow'rful aid, the languid ſtage
No more can pleaſe at once and mend the age.
Yes, thou art gone! and thy beloved remains
Yon ſacred old Cathedral wall contains;
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
And ſolemn organs ſwell the mournful peal;
Whilſt hallow'd dirges fill the holy ſhrine,
Deſerved tribute to ſuch worth as thine.
No more at Cliſton's ſcenes my ſtrains o'erflow,
For the Muſe, drooping at this tale of woe,

Slackens the ſtrings of her enamour'd lyre;
The flood of guſhing grief puts out her fire:
Elſe would ſhe ſing the deeds of other times,
Of ſaints and heroes ſung in monkiſh rhymes;
Elſe would her ſoaring fancy burn to ſtray,
And thro' the cloiſter'd aiſle would take her way,
Where ſleep (ah! mingling with the common duſt)
The ſacred bodies of the brave and juſt.
But vain the attempt to ſcan that holy lore,
Theſe ſoft'ning ſighs forbid the Muſe to ſoar.
So treading back the ſteps I juſt now trod,
Mournful and ſad I ſeek my lone abode.

TO

MISS HOYLAND.

SWEET are thy charming ſmiles, my lovely maid,
Sweet as the flow'rs in bloom of ſpring array'd;
Thoſe charming ſmiles thy beauteous face adorn,
As May's white bloſſoms gaily deck the thorn.
Then why when mild good-nature baſking lies
Midſt the ſoft radiance of thy melting eyes,
When my fond tongue would ſtrive thy heart to move,
And tune its tones to every note of love;
Why do thoſe ſmiles their native ſoil diſown,
And (chang'd their movements) kill me in a frown!

Yet, is it true, or is it dark deſpair,
That fears you're cruel whilſt it owns you fair?
O ſpeak, dear Hoyland! ſpeak my certain fate,
Thy love enrapt'ring, or thy conſtant hate.
If death's dire ſentence hangs upon thy tongue,
Ev'n death were better than ſuſpence ſo long.

TO

MR. POWEL.

WHAT language, Powel! can thy merits tell,
By Nature form'd in every path t' excel:
To ſtrike the feeling ſoul with magic ſkill,
When every paſſion bends beneath thy will.
Loud as the howlings of the northern wind
Thy ſcenes of anger harrow up the mind;
But moſt thy ſofter tones our boſoms move,
When Juliet liſtens to her Romeo's love.
How ſweet thy gentle movements then to ſee—
Each melting heart muſt ſympathize with thee.
Yet, though deſign'd in every walk to ſhine,
Thine is the furious, and the tender thine;

Though thy ſtrong feelings and thy native fire,
Still force the willing gazers to admire,
Though great thy praiſes for thy ſcenic art,
We love thee for the virtues of thy Heart.

To MISS C.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE

HARPSICHORD.

HAD Iſrael's Monarch, when misfortune's dart
Pierc'd to its deepeſt core his heaving breaſt,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his ſorrowing heart
At ſuch ſoft tones, had ſooth'd itſelf to reſt.

Yes, ſweeter far than Jeſſe's ſon's thy ſtrains,
Yet what avail if ſorrow they diſarm;
Love's ſharper ſting within the ſoul remains,
The melting movements wound us as they charm.

END OF VOL. II.

ERRATA.

Vol. II.

Page 4—line 2 from bottom—for *the* encircled Farm, read *tree* encircled, &c.

Page 8—line 7—for Roſamanda read *Roſomonda.*

——17—line 3—for bimy read *briny.*

——19—line 2—for pugnant read *pregnant.*

——30—line 1—for Onzle read *Ouzle.*

——31—line 2—for love read *lore.*

——53—line 3—for memory read *memory's.*

—— 137—line 5—for recall read *recalls.*

——ditto—line 2 in the note, for modes read *mode.*